faculties; and this is ſurely the bleſſed fruit of diſappointed hope! for He who delighteth to diffuſe happineſs and ſhew mercy to the weak creatures, who are learning to know him, never implanted a good propenſity to be a tormenting ignis fatuus.

Our trees are now allowed to ſpread with wild luxuriance, nor do we expect by force to combine the majeſtic marks of time with youthful graces; but wait patiently till they have ſtruck deep their root, and braved many a ſtorm.—Is the mind then, which, in proportion to its dignity, advances more ſlowly towards perfection, to be treated with leſs reſpect? To argue from analogy, every thing around us is in a progreſſive ſtate; and when an unwelcome knowledge of life produces almoſt a ſatiety of life, and we diſcover by the natural courſe of things that all that is done under the ſun is vanity, we are drawing near the awful cloſe of the drama. The days of activity and hope are over, and the opportunities which the firſt ſtage of exiſtence has afforded of advancing in the ſcale of intelligence, muſt ſoon be ſummed up.—A knowledge at this period of the futility of life, or earlier, if obtained by experience, is very uſeful,

uſeful, becauſe it is natural; but when a frail being is ſhewn the follies and vices of man, that he may be taught prudently to guard againſt the common caſualties of life by ſacrificing his heart—ſurely it is not ſpeaking harſhly to call it the wiſdom of this world, contraſted with the nobler fruit of piety and experience.

I will venture a paradox, and deliver my opinion without reſerve; if men were only born to form a circle of life and death, it would be wiſe to take every ſtep that foreſight could ſuggeſt to render life happy. Moderation in every purſuit would then be ſupreme wiſdom; and the prudent voluptuary might enjoy a degree of content, though he neither cultivated his underſtanding nor kept his heart pure. Prudence, ſuppoſing we were mortal, would be true wiſdom, or, to be more explicit, would procure the greateſt portion of happineſs, conſidering the whole of life, but knowledge beyond the conveniences of life would be a curſe.

Why ſhould we injure our health by cloſe ſtudy? The exalted pleaſure which intellectual purſuits afford would ſcarcely be equivalent to the hours of languor that follow; eſpecially, if it be neceſſary to take into the